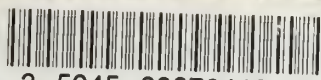


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CHECKS

Massachusetts General Hospital
School of Nursing

Class of 1941



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Emil Pollack-Ottendorf

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*Portrait of Miss Johnson presented to the Hospital by the
Nurses' Alumnae Association, October 1939*

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Assistant Superintendent and Assistant Principal of the School of Nursing.

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Chief Nurse Anesthetist.

ANNA VIDEN, R.N.

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HELEN VOIGT, R.N.

Supervisor, Children's Department.

HAZEL WALKER, R.N., B.S.

Supervisor of Medical Wards.

BARBARA WILLIAMS, R.N., M.A.

Executive Assistant of the School of Nursing.

MARGARET WILSON, R.N.

Science Instructor.



DEDICATION

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-one
dedicate this edition of CHECKS to
FLORENCE C. KEMPF
whose careful planning and thoughtful guidance
have helped to lay the foundation
of our nursing careers.



THE BULFINCH BUILDING
from an etching by Sears Gallagher

A Song for M. G. H.

Words by Margaret Dieter, 1916

Her ivied columns rise to meet
The glory of the Bulfinch dome,
Serene, unruffled, beautiful,
She waits to bid us welcome home.

From many lands, o'er many days,
We brought to her our restless youth,
And she with patience took us all
And set us in the way of truth.

Stern Teacher, kindly too, withal,
Who saw the faults we could not hide.
And building on our better selves,
She wrought results that shall abide.

What if she gave us arduous toil,
She taught us reverence for our work;
To ease the suffering, lighten pain
There is no task we dare to shirk.

Where life and death are side by side,
And creeds and races strangely blend,
To share these things from day to day
She helped us each to find a friend.

Oh, Gracious Guardian of our past,
Thy children rise to honor thee.
God bless and keep you, M. G.H.,
Secure through all the years to be.



HEAD NURSES — 1939



HOUSE OFFICERS — 1939



SURGICAL WARD

Graduating Class

February Section



ELSIE D. BARTER

Deer Isle
Maine

"When does the next boat leave for Panama?"



JEANETTE BENYON

16 Chesley Avenue
Newtonville, Mass.

*A versatile twin—"No, I'm not Marion;
I'm Jeanette."*



MARION BENYON

16 Chesley Avenue
Newtonville, Mass.

*Another twin—versatile as the first—"No, I'm not
Jeanette; I'm Marion."*



RITA BINKUNSKI

333 Central Street
Manchester, N. H.

*A tinkling laugh to cheer us all,
It's Binky coming down the hall.*

ELEANOR BURKE, B.A.

76 Main Street
Woburn, Mass.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."



BETTE CARTER

22 Taft Place
Dunkirk, N. Y.

None but herself can be her parallel.



ALLENE R. DAY, A.B.

Hartford
Michigan

*A word of encouragement to help others along and,
"Where, oh where, is the New England R"?*



JOSEPHINE J. DONOHUE

9 Flint Street
Lynn, Mass.

*"A smile for every friend and a friend for every
smile."*





DOROTHY FLETCHER

19 W. Baltimore Street
Lynn, Mass.

Beneath quiet waters lie unsuspected depths.



ANASTASIA E. GIANARAKOS

1334 Middlesex Street
Lowell, Mass.

Life's a pleasant institution; let us take it as it comes.



ISABELLE HOLMES

127 Hastings Street
Lowell, Mass.

*A flash of cheeks and white down the corridor and
a beaming smile.*



WINIFRED J. HOLMES

5 Tennyson Road
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Gentle, brave, and strong of will.

CYNTHIA HOLT

Goodale Street
West Boylston, Mass.

"There is no flame like an enthusiastic spirit."



MARTHA E. JEWELL

8 Union Street
Wolfeboro, N. H.

*With a twinkle in her eyes, she still maintains that
our country is filled with beautiful scenic spots, but
none so fair as Wolfeboro.*



HELEN K. KOSKELLA

South Main Street
Troy, N. H.

*"What richer praise than this; that you alone
are you."*



WILMA KOVALIK

Bradenville
Pennsylvania

"A place for everything and everything in it's place."





CAROLYN LOWNEY

23 Dartmouth Street
Watertown, Mass.

*"From laughing eyes and witty tongue, a wealth of
humor flows."*



KATHERYN MACKENZIE

21 Henry Street
Claremont, N. H.

*"Have you heard the one about—", and she's off
again with a funny story.*



PHYLLIS MADDEN

59 Meagher Avenue
Milton, Mass.

*"A gentle spirit, flying high
With a twinkle in her eye."*



SYLVIA MANNINEN

34 McKinley Street
Maynard, Mass.

*A tiny blonde girl, a bit of music, and a
Finnish Polka.*

GRACE MASTRODOMENICO

20 Pacific Street
Rockland, Mass.

*"And her dark eyes—how eloquent!
That their sparkle may enliven you."*



JEANETTE C. McDONALD

14 Allan Avenue
Falmouth, Mass.

*"Each true friend is a rare book of which but one
copy has been made."*



FRANCES McKEAN

130 Manning Street
Needham Heights, Mass.

*"As true a friend as one can find,
Quick of spirit and alert of mind."*



WINONA MEILLEUR

Bristol
Vermont

*"Now the point is this—", and the willowy girl,
famous for her freckles, goes on to explain.*





GENEVIEVE MONAGHAN

123 Weymouth Street
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

A witty spirit, a generous nature and a bit of blarney.



DARTHEA NOYES

36 Cole Street
Lakeport, N. H.

*There must be something special about this state of
New Hampshire. We hear so much about it!*



REGINA PIIPPO

Auburn
Maine

"Give me a sailboat or a pair of skis."



MARGARET ROBBINS

15 Glen Street
Melrose, Mass.

Sincerity and earnestness go together.

ALICE C. RUSSELL, B.A.

170 Brunswick Street
Rochester, N. Y.

Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. She shall have music.



HILDEGARDE R. SANNEMAN

50 Ledgeways
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

*A cheerful girl who plays the piano for her own
amazement.*



MARJORIE L. SCOTT

1266 Cortlandt Avenue
Schenectady, N. Y.

*Call in Booth #2. Can it be New York? With a
song and a dance she's off to answer.*



VIRGINIA L. SEARS

5 Washington Street
Manchester, Mass.

"Give me a book and time to read it."





DOROTHEA J. STACEY

191 Grand Avenue, West
Chatham, Ontario, Canada

*Sandy hair and sandy heart,
She wields a brush and gives you art.*



HELEN L. SULLIVAN

37 Brunswick Street
Brockton, Mass.

*"Even as the dawn casts a glow on the earth, so does
her hair bring to her face a glow which she generously
passes on."*



MARY E. SULLIVAN

23 State Street
Monson, Mass.

Good humor, wit and wisdom combined.



HELEN A. WALSH

35 School Street
Warren, Mass.

A captivating giggle, contagious to all.

EVELYN WITHAM

82 Worth Avenue
Hudson, N. Y.

*"Now what kind of clothes does one buy to wear
in Puerto Rico?"*



HELEN E. WRIGHT

7 Jackson Street
Littleton, N. H.

Good nature, good humor and good company.



LIBBY ZAGORIN

78 Narragansett Street
Springfield, Mass.

The scholar—bright as the well-known button.



September Section

IRENE A. AHONEN

East Sandwich
Massachusetts

*Quiet—but beneath it all there bubbles wit, brilliancy
and charm.*





MARIAN E. BANCROFT, B.A.

10 Briggs Street
Melrose, Mass.

*A sincere spirit, wreathed in smiles and crowned with
curls.*



MARON L. BANCROFT

3438 Vine Street
Denver, Colorado

*"My life shall touch a dozen lives before this day is
done."*



BEATRICE BELISLE

422 June Street
Fall River, Mass.

A pleasing manner beneath a short crop of hair.



RITA BOYLE

165 Highland Street
Roxbury, Mass.

*Dancing feet and dancing eyes—never a dull
moment.*

WELTHEA BROWN

127 Winthrop Street
Augusta, Maine

Sober, steadfast and demure.



EDITH J. BUTCHER, B.S.

4 West Lake Street
Worcester, Mass.

*The enthusiasm of a football crowd centered in one
room.*



BERTHA G. CADY

15 Chester Street
Groton, Mass.

Quiet, dignified and unassuming.



MARION M. CAMPANA

88 Jefferson Avenue
Everett, Mass.

"Alaska"—just ask her!

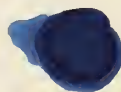




BARBARA CAMPBELL

14 Greenman Avenue
Westerly, R. I.

Your curly hair—that knowing stare. They go for that.



MARY L. CASEY

69 Adams Street
Dorchester, Mass.

Smiling Irish eyes, and good natured as the day is long.



MARIAN CLASON

187 Fairhaven Road
Worcester, Mass.

"Lovely to look at—delightful to know."



RAE CLOUGH, B.S.

Concord, N. H.
Route #3

"It's the principle of the thing."

MARGUERITE FORD, B.S.

84 Herrod Avenue
Brockton, Mass.

New England glamour and a Southern accent.



DORIS FRIARS

Myrock Avenue
Waterford, Conn.

Sweet music has charms.



RITA GENNA, A.B.

11 Presentation Road
Brighton, Mass.

"My dynamic personality."



JUDITH HARDING

138 Central Avenue
Somerville, Mass.

Olga, from the Volga—and a good natured grin.





HELEN HARTNETT

46 Water Street
Salem, Mass.

Dimples, braids and study, study, study.



BEATRICE HERARD

Danielson
Connecticut

Dimple in her chin—devil within.



RUTH HORTON

Acton Center
Massachusetts

A taste for the finer things.



HARRIET JOHNSEN

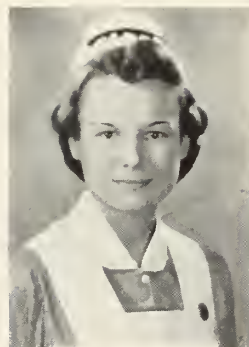
41 Third Street
Derby, Conn.

*Cap pins were not made to swallow—but then,
neither was cotton!*

MARJORY JOHNSTON

903 12th Avenue, South
Nampa, Idaho

"East is East, and West is West."



DOROTHY KANDOLIN

North Windham
Connecticut

My book—my knitting—and my accordion.



VIOLET KELLOGG

Marion
New York

Eye and Ear. "That slaughter's them."



MARTHA KIMBALL

20 Lime Street
Boston, Mass.

That unique way of studying!





NATALIE KING

19 Monica Street
Taunton, Mass.

That practical joker—her eyes just twinkling.



MARY JANE LAYMON

4 Ayr Road
Brookline, Mass.

Sunburns, Pennsylvania and that long bob.



MARGUERITE MANWARING

5½ Main Street
Richmond, Maine

In all the State of Maine could there be a fairer one?



MARION MARCHETTI

147 Belvidere Street
Springfield, Mass.

Purely a platonic friendship.

JEAN MATHER

1145 Regent Street
Schenectady, N. Y.

A girl after our own hearts.



KATHERINE MAURER

21 Shields Street
Mansfield, Mass.

So much kindness everywhere.



ANNE McKENZIE

1381 Commonwealth Avenue
Allston, Mass.

*"Brief and brisk, snappy and sincere
Rapid and ready to bring all cheer."*



EDITH MILES

19 Pleasant Street
Dalton, Mass.

*Pack up your troubles in your old knitting bag and
smile while you count again.*





GRETCHEN MILLER

Glendale Road
No. Wilbraham, Mass.

*"And the gold of her hair crowns the blue of her
eyes."*



ANNA L. MOORE

Lowell Street
West Peabody, Mass.

With a zing it's into the other court—it's an ace!



EDNA MOSHER

37 Woodlawn Street
New Bedford, Mass.

Silence is golden, but not in a B.L.I. Nursery.



ANNA MULHOLLAND

158 Ludlam Street
Lowell, Mass.

Twinkling eyes and quiet manner will get her far.

PHYLLIS V. NOLAND

2 Bellevue Avenue
Binghamton, N. Y.

Kitten on the keys.



RITA O'LEARY

635 George Street
Fredericton, N. B.
Canada

Petite and small with a smile for all.



JEAN OTTLEY

33 Churchill Avenue
Arlington, Mass.

Brilliantly naive and extremely well read.



MARY OWEN

1537 East West Highway
Silver Springs, Maryland

*"Come home and meet the folks."
A for the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains.*





LOUISE PINCUS, B.A.

11 Myrtle Avenue
Oneonta, N. Y.

Vogue in a coupe.



PHYLLIS PROULX

Prospect Street
Warwick, R. I.

There are wings in her dreams.



ELSIE G. RENN

44 Palmer Street
Brockton, Mass.

And laughing eyes that bid the dance begin—



FAITH ROBERTS

516 Watertown Street
Newtonville, Mass.

Sweet and gracious, sincere of heart.

EBBA M. RUDINE, A.B.

71 Minot Street
Dorchester, Mass.

Patience is a virtue.



MADELEINE RUEST

20 Quincy Avenue
Pawtucket, R. I.

Success begins with one's will.



GRACE RUSSELL

38 Union Street
Rockland, Maine

*A silvery laugh goes rippling through the sunshine
on her face.*



LOUISE SHERER

Rockville
Maine

Your ships will all come home to you.





MARY SPIES

126 Frank Street
Warren, Pa.

A book of verse.



MARY SWEENEY

11 Elm Street
Woodsville, N. H.

Exuberant as a bubbling spring.



HELEN THOMAS

31 Hancock Street
Brockton, Mass.

*A gentle spirit, tried and true,
Ready when there's work to do.*



FRANCES TOMASUNAS

Merriam District
Grafton, Mass.

A sincere worker and a gay personality.

GRACE TRIGGS

191 Newbury Street
Brockton, Mass.

Ginger, pep and fun.



BARBARA UHL

329 Edgewood Avenue
New Haven, Conn.

*A vivacious lady, who's favorite saying is, "Kids,
there's a spread in 207."*



MARIAN M. VAYRO

61 President Avenue
Providence, R. I.

Once a friend, always a friend.



VIOLET WHITE

111 West Street
Biddeford, Maine

"Lowell, and my Magnificent Obsession."



IRENE WILLIS

Andover
Connecticut

Sweet, prim and proper.



JEAN WILSON

208 Main Street
Winchester, Mass.

Honesty and loyalty glow through this girl's eyes.



ALICE YANCEY

83 Martland Avenue
Brockton, Mass.

The girl with the golden voice.



The Nurse's Cap

It's just a piece of crinoline
Starched so smooth and white—
It symbolizes honor
In the face of truth and right;
It signifies a life work
Done for humanity,
Years of tact and service
A nurse's life must be.

Perhaps it doesn't mean much
To all the "gang" back home
They only know we're different now,
So far apart we've grown;
But to us it means a joy
And a sense of self content,
It signifies a noble work
And it bears God's recompense.

Lest We Forget

HAZEL HALL—teaching piano lessons, East Pepperell, Mass.

RITA GRENIER—secretary at Norton Company, Worcester, Mass.

LILLIAN PHILBRICK—now Mrs. Myron Perry, Fort Fairfield, Maine.

DORIS WOLF—beautician, Manchester, N. H.

ALMA KRAUSS—now Mrs. Richard Wiley, 185 Common Street, Lynn, Mass.

AURELIA VALIÈRE—store clerk, Summit Avenue, Littleton, N. H.

RUTH HELDIG—filing clerk, Insurance Company, Worcester, Mass.

THELMA JOHNSON—doctor's assistant, 914 Murchison Building, Wilmington, N. C.

DORIS BOWEN—beautician, 533 Eaton Street, Providence, R. I.

CHARLOTTE SMITH—practical nurse attendant, Milford, Mass.

EVELYN STEWART—student at Melrose Hospital.

MADELINE GRAY—student in Addison Gilbert Hospital, Gloucester.

MARJORIE MESSLER—at home in Beacon, N. Y.

RUTH JACKSON—at home in So. Hamilton, Mass.

HELEN DONALDSON—now Mrs. James O'Connor, 270 Apple Avenue, Hampton, Va.

ALVA BENGSTON—now Mrs. Charles F. Lincoln, Cohasset, Mass.

BERTHA CASAVANT—student at Worcester Memorial Hospital.

CLAIRE ROBIE—secretary in First National Bank in Boston.

DONNA LILLIE—laboratory technician.

Definitions

Appetite—largest part of a pre-clinical student.

Light—the only thing which is allowed out after 10:30 P.M.

Time—what you lose if you don't watch out.

Liver—something in you and people talk about their livers and chicken livers you eat and it's reddish brown and some peoples livers don't bother them and some eat them with bacon on.

Skin—is on people. It is the outside layer of people. Then comes flesh and your blood, veins and your bones but not the kind of bones you give to dogs—and behind the bones there is muscle to hold the bones still so they can't wiggle around.



STATUETTE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Made by Hilary Bonham-Carter, cousin of Miss Nightingale and was given to Mrs. Vaughan's mother, Mrs. Samuel Parkman when she visited Miss Nightingale in 1872. Presented to the Training School in 1929.

*"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



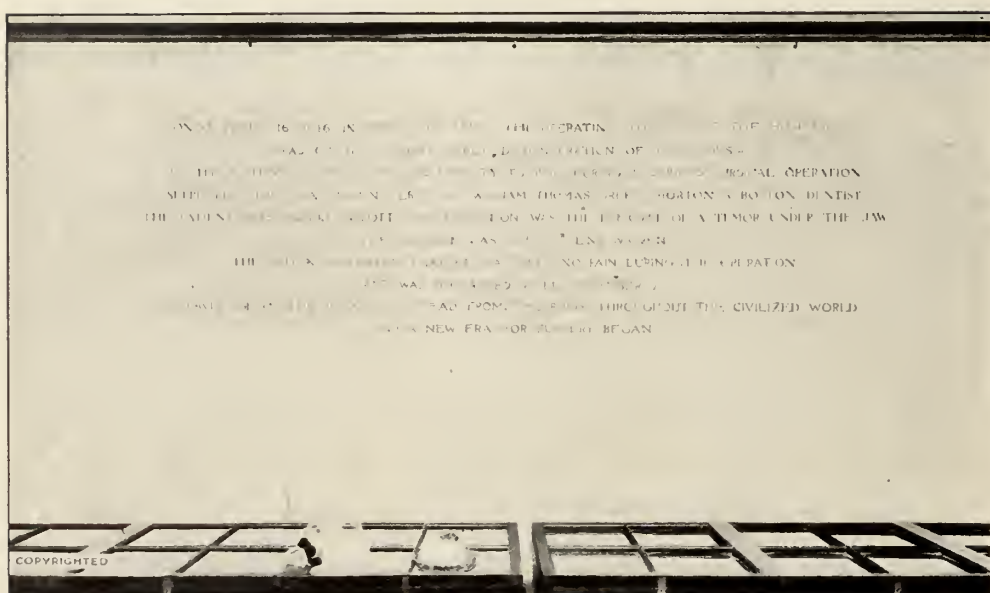
BULFINCH BUILDING AT NIGHT

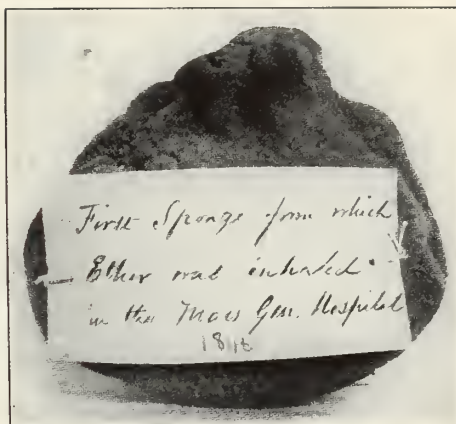


A BULFINCH STAIRWAY



FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF ETHER — 1846





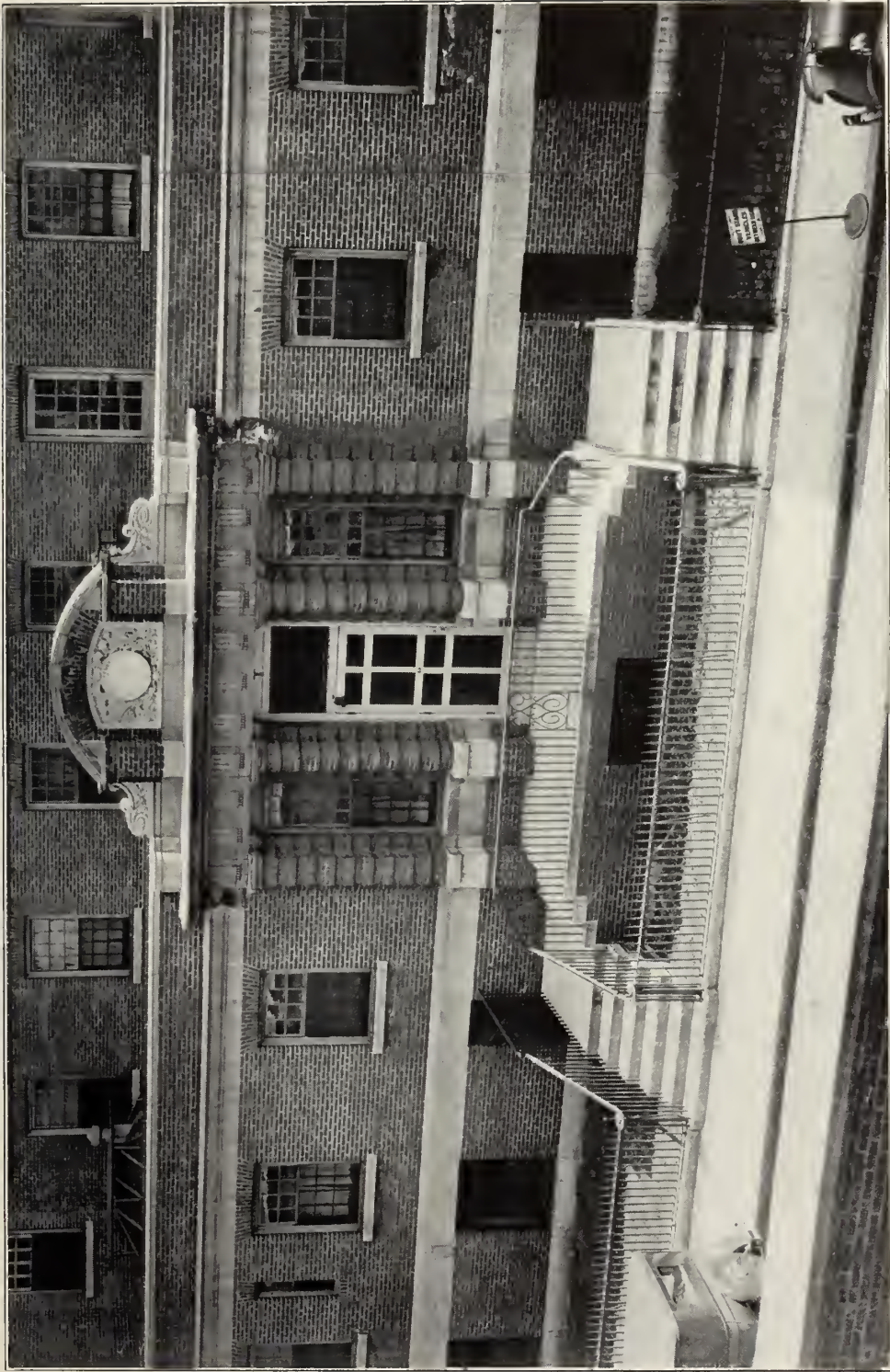
ETHER INHALATOR USED BY DR. MORTON



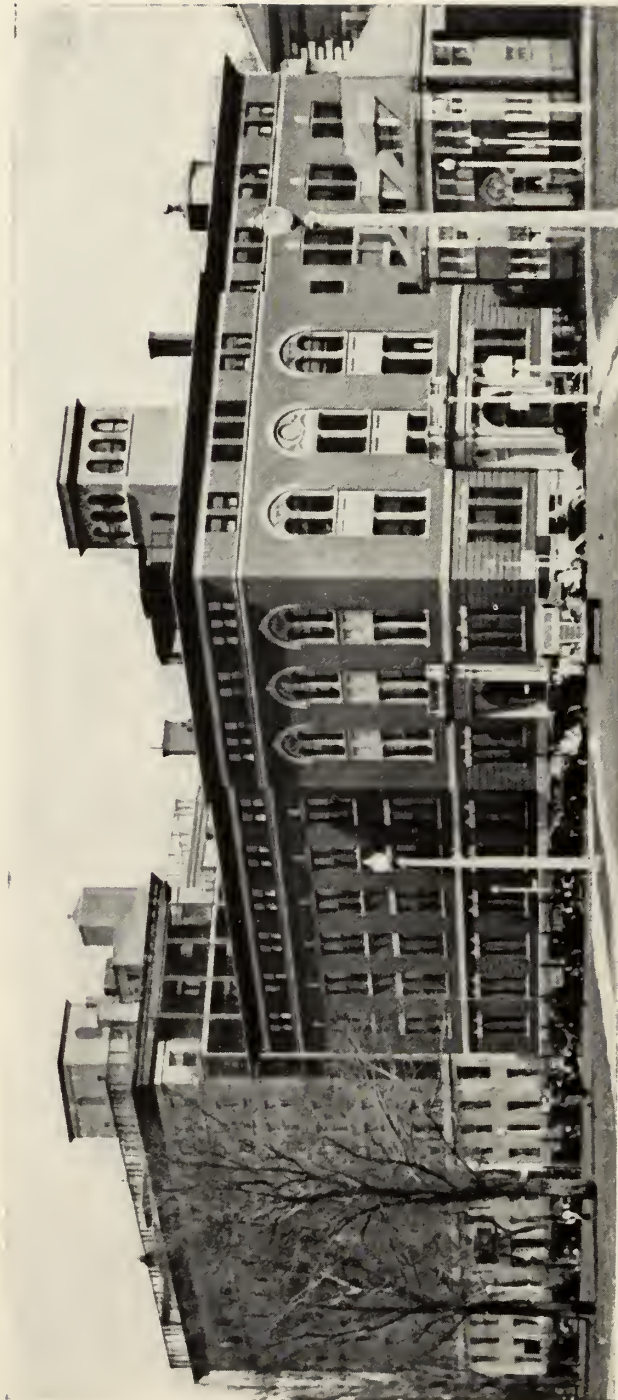
AN EARLY OPERATION



WALCOTT HOUSE LIBRARY



FRONT ENTRANCE OF WALCOTT HOUSE



MASSACHUSETTS EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY

Eye and Ear Infirmary

Will you ever forget:—

the first night spent learning the “colls”?
the first time you ever did eye R alone?
the awe with which you watched those scissors clipping off each lash
so very close, and the honor you felt when you realized the
scissors were in your hand now and you must start to clip?
the satisfaction you had when you completed your first “prep”?
trying to get the doctors to start “tensions” on time?
holding the head for mastoids?
Saturday afternoon quizzes?
Gardner nursery?
popovers and orange juice for breakfast?
trying to get to clinic on time?
foments and more foments?
the difference between mydriatic and myotic?
seeing your first lens extracted?
scrubbing in “Private” for that eminent surgeon?
trying to get records to ear clinic in the P.M.?
trying to test swabs before using them?
how to do a mastoid bandage?
trying to keep everybody happy in eye clinic?
the walk from the home to the hospital in the wee sma’ hours and in
all kinds of weather?
“Land Sakes”?
what Miss Scherer taught you?
Eye and Ear?

V. L. S.



AIRPLANE VIEW OF MCLEAN HOSPITAL

Remember McLean in all her beauty?
 For three short months we were on duty
 On Codman, Belknap, Wyman, O.T.,
 Always conscious of that huge, brass key.
 The Halls, the courts, the lawns so green,
 The golf course and gardens made a lovely scene.
 In Higginson House, on the third floor alley
 Affiliates held many a nocturnal rally.

There were classes and clinics and books to be read,
 Papers to write and much to be said.
 The patients we took for a walk or to Tea,
 To them we were companion, nurse or referee.
 Everyone there was so friendly and kind,
 A more hospitable place would be hard to find.
 Let's always remember our sister McLean
 For her kindness to us is worth mentioning again.

Student Assistant

We were an apprehensive but resolute trio, in an unaccustomed degree of cleanliness and starch, when we approached the Nursing Office on that first Tuesday in September. After a seemingly endless interval we were presented with the half inch black bands. Somehow or other they just would not stay in place. They skidded around on our caps like water bugs on a calm pond, and the pins stuck out every which way. Finally a little perseverance overcame the difficulty and we were on our way to start our long desired special duty.

The Nursing Assistants reported to the Thayer Nursing Office where they were received with a cordial welcome. Then came those five awful questions. We still shudder when we think of what we wrote!

On Wednesday it was a continuous dash from Miss Fraser's Office to Charles Street, to Thayer and back again. In the afternoon there was the Tea and in the evening we distributed stiff belts and cuffs.

Thursday and Friday—Physicals! Need we say more?

The thrills of first classes and classroom practice followed in rapid succession. Then came the bi-weekly sessions where the issue of whether the father foot, further foot, or mother foot was to be washed first.

All levity aside! It was here that we were given an insight into the teaching and administrative problems of the profession. There was a constant mental stimulation in working in a "high pressure" department. Those wonderful T301 classes with Miss Perkins! The subject matter discussed there broadened our concept of nursing immeasurably. We saw the results of carefully planned courses which gave the students an opportunity to grasp each unit of study and fit it into their own concept of the course. To see the embryo of Nursing develop in the minds of the new students was, to us, a challenge and an inspiration. Finally, we realized, that if we studied and worked hard enough, someday, somewhere we might put into practice the techniques of teaching so inspiringly motivated during those four months.

The Nursing Assistants were not alone with their joys and sorrows. The day after they started work in the Thayer, two other seniors started theirs in the Science Department. For four months, they surveyed and corrected mountainous stacks of papers and handed out advice on the subjects commonly known as basic sciences.

They had a wonderful time setting up "labs", making out requisitions, posting notices and alternating with representatives from the nursing department in "swimming" to Charles Street on rainy nights to proctor. They made great discoveries while correcting papers, such as, "you boil thermometers in bichloride of mercury for ten minutes". In their spare time they worked on their "units".

The Science Assistants read chapters from many thick books in order to be prepared for the weekly conferences with Miss Kempf. There they received advice on modern educational methods similar to that which Miss Perkins presented to the Nursing Assistants.

With all these experiences as student assistants, we should have gained valuable knowledge which will be an aid to us in the work we so earnestly want to do when we are graduates.

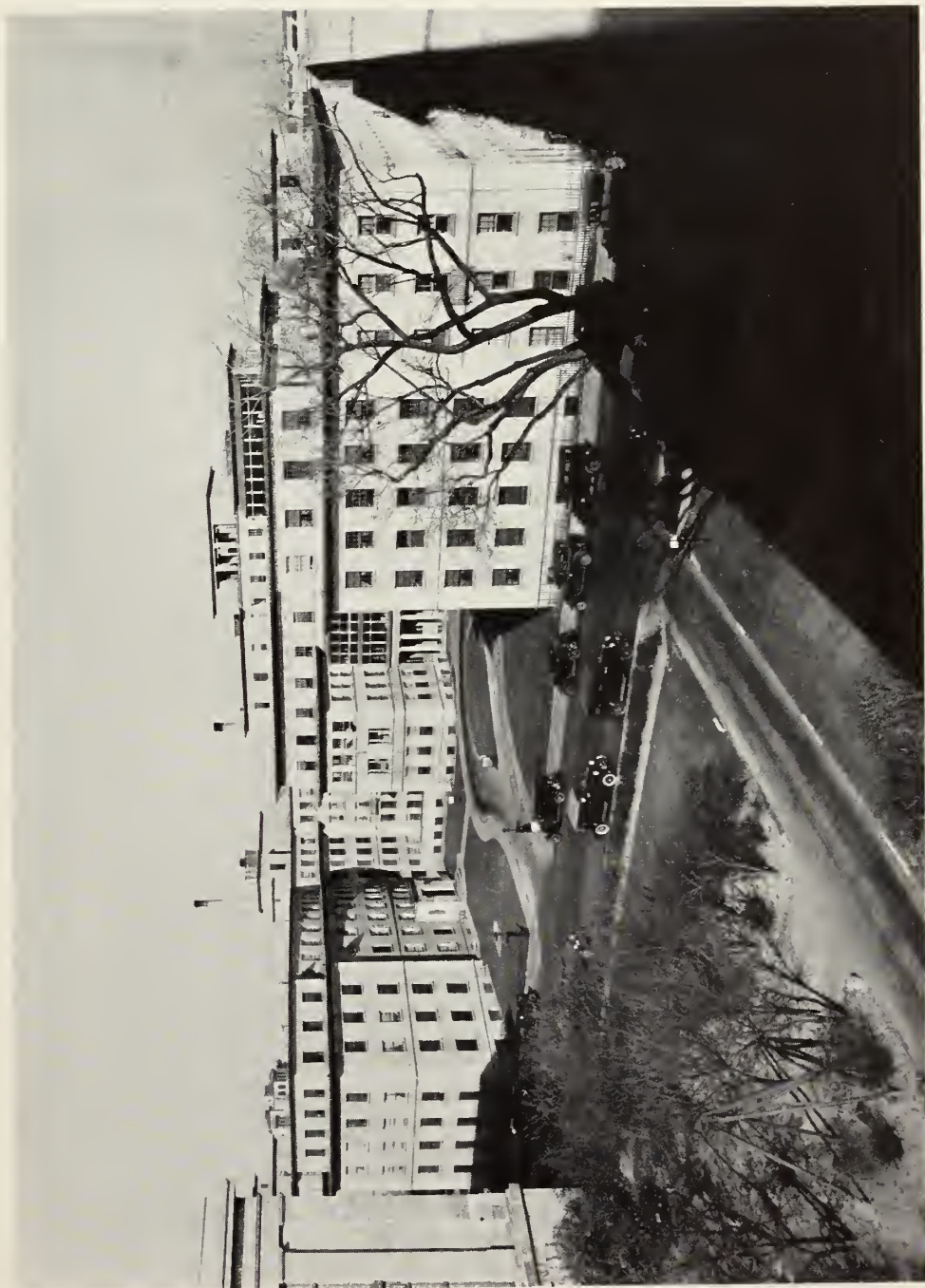
V. L. S.



Public Health

Days in either rain or shine
Find our footsteps on the grind,
Making calls of every kin
Uncertain as to what's within;
A newborn babe, a mother worn,
A rheumatic fever most folorn.
All of this and much beside
Is what we try to learn to guide.
In calls we must not cause distress
But help organic ills regress.
So many things cause consternation
We must remove such aggravation.
Concurrent classes and social meetings
Give us aid in contact greetings.
Understanding of people we have more wealth
Gained from this course in Public Health.

L. Z.



BOSTON LYING-IN HOSPITAL



HAYNES MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Haynes Memorial Hospital

Must I move again? O, what a bother!
How does it happen I have all this junk
When I just threw out a trunkful
The last time I moved—last month?
Move! move! move! It should be the refrain
Of the student nurses' saga—for it's all we do.
I'd just begun to feel at home in 210
When out I've got to go—Oh, well—then
Let me see; this picture, that pillow,
I must take them—Oh, yes, my camera, too,
And uniforms—I almost forgot
I'd look funny without them.
I forgot to say it's to Haynes I'm going
To rashes and fevers and Koplic's spots
Of desquamation and intubation. I'll learn lots.
But I must finish packing all this truck.
I wonder if with a little luck
I could deposit these in Scottie's closet?

K. MACK.

Diagnosis

When you're dressing up some morning
Just before the sun doth rise—
And you're yawning while you're trying,
To rub the sleep from out your eyes,
And you stand before your mirror
Then quite suddenly you view
On your arms, neck, face and body
There's a rash of rosy hue.

Oh, your thoughts go wildly flying
And your head begins to reel;
And you feel the well known symptoms
Yet it's doubtful how you feel.

So you peer into the mirror
With cold sweat upon your brow,
And you try to think, but vainly,
When and where and also, how?

Then you think of all the patients
That you've had down on Ward G
And gasp and mutter feebly,
“Why did it have to be me”?

Then you call upon your room mate
To regard this drastic thing,
While your head is wildly spinning
And your ears begin to ring.
You just know you have a fever,
And your heart does wildly beat
Until she, with laughter murmurs,
“Why, it's only prickly heat”.

M. E. S.



NEW SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER

Ode to the O. R.

I think that I shall never see
A gown that's patterned just for me.
It's either large or else too small,
Or else there are just none at all.

If we at last do find a gown
That fits us up, and fits us down,
And makes us feel the best we've felt—
Why, then, we just can't find a belt!

Or then a safety pin we lack—
Why don't those people put them back?
A headgear then to hide our hair—
Our curly locks—it seems unfair.

At last arrayed in snowy white,
(Which looks that color just at night,
For if it's seen by light of day
It really looks a dingy gray).

We leave the nurses' room and then
We hurry off to find Room 10.
Our limbs are trembling just from fright,
Miss Connolly expects things done alright!

We drop the drapes upon the floor
And do things never done before.
The nurse's kit is then brought in
Then all our troubles do begin.

Our things are scattered everywhere;
We look for tools that are not there.
Dr. Ingersoll comes in to "prep",
Believe you me he makes us step.

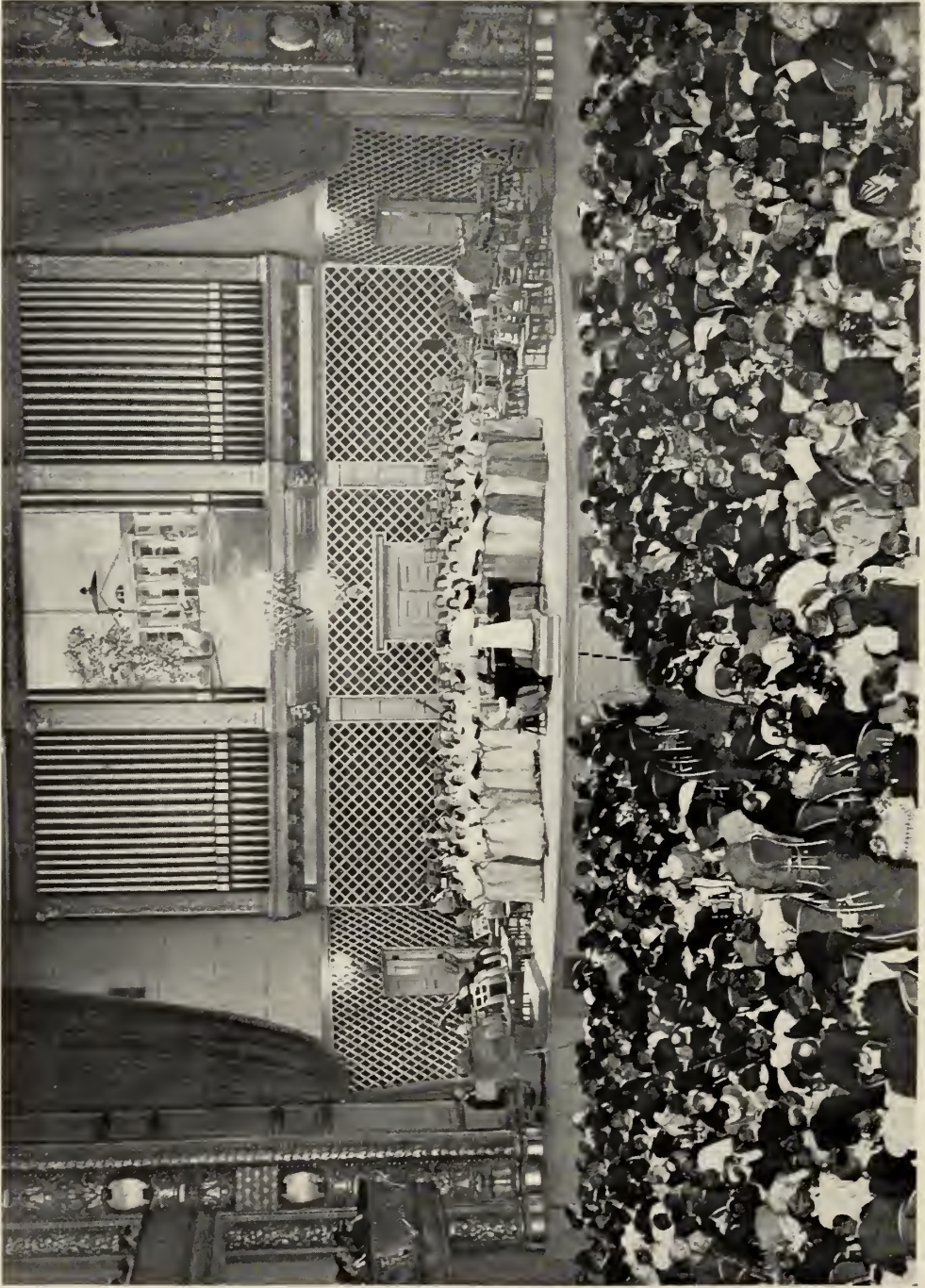
They grab the knife in one mad dash—
Make the incision with one slash!
The patient sleeps and too does snore,
A heap of sponges deck the floor.

The "swedes" in anger then are hurled
To land among the flags unfurled.
He uses Plain and Chromic ties
Of every shape and every size.

They're either short or else too long—
No matter what we do—it's wrong.
"A sponge count now," the Surgeon cries.
"The count is wrong," the nurse replies.

"But we are sure to have it back—
We have the bloodhound on the track."
The sponge is found, the "op" resumed;
The Surgeon then sews up the wound.

M. E. S.
D. F.



POPS CONCERT



CHRISTMAS CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE

Boners

(From examination papers—but not ours!)

The left lung is smaller than the right one, because the soul is located near there.

Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, veins and caterpillars.

Respiration is composed of two acts; first, inspiration and then expectoration.

Some vitamins prevent beri-beri; some prevent scurry-scurry.

When we see an object, light passes through the eye and into the brain where little light exists.

A permanent set of teeth consists of 8 canines, 8 cuspids, 2 molars and 8 cuspidors.

The stomach is just south of the ribs.

If you run too much when you are young, you may get various veins.

You can distribute bacteria by being too close friends.

Digestion is carried on in the stomach by aid of acrobatic juices.

The human is more intelligent than the beast because the human brain has more convulsions.

The hookworm larva enters the body through the soul.

The only sure way of detecting tuberculosis is by X-ray or with a horoscope.

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down your back and keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.

In case of asphyxiation apply artificial respiration until the patient is dead.

Respiration is a handy thing to know how to do, especially if you live far from a doctor.

For dogbite:—Put the dog away for several days. If he has not recovered then kill him.

Psychotherapy is a study of how to prevent and cure the patient.

An aorta is a man who makes long speeches.

A chiropodist is a man who trains birds to sing.

A phlegmatic person is one who has bronchitis.

If you are sick, a physician should be insulted.

What would you do in case of a man bleeding from a wound in the head? I would put a tourniquet around his neck.

The brain has three coatings—the dura mater, the pia mater, and the alma mater.

The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head sits on the top and you sit on the bottom.

For fainting; rub the person's chest, or, if a lady, rub her arm above the hand.

To prevent head colds use an agonizer to spray nose until it drops into your throat.

To remove dust from eye you must pull the eye over the nose.

The fibula runs from the knee to the elbow on the inside.

Wouldn't It Be Wonderful, If —

we could have a night duty without clinics and classes?
they taught a course in penmanship at Harvard?
there were no poultices in E.W.?
we more often got a telephone call, message or visitor at B.L.I.?
our collars were starched at the Eye and Ear?
White 12 had enough nurses?
we could serve a meal on wards without being hampered by Ward
Rounds?
we could use roller skates on B3?

Definition of A Nurse

“A nurse is a marvelous compound of science and nature. She is trained like a doctor, registered like a Holstein cow and salaried like a farm hand. But can she do miracles? She can make a five foot sheet cover a six foot bed and shake down a clinical thermometer without dislocating her wrist or putting a patient's eyes out.”

We Wonder —

Who filled the sugar shakers with salt on old Ward E?
Who washed all the thermometers with hot water on Ward 31?
Who thought the only kind of probe was one in blue?
Who chased all over the White Building for Type I blood serum?
Who thought Dakins was a good mouth wash?
Who still thinks “BP q2h” means giving the patient the bedpan?
Who thought Fallopian Tubes really could be found in the utility room?
Who thought special back care with airing meant opening the windows while rubbing the patient's back?

We Will Never Forget

our first hypo—our correspondence with Dr. Baker—crawling out of bed at midnight, having forgotten to sign in—sailing on the Charles—Afternoon Tea at McLean—struggling with our coiffures—Dr. Scott visiting “strep” patients—pleading for breakfast when on nights at B.L.I.—wearing our caps in the bathtub—Looking for strabismus powders—moving—the serenades at Charles Street—living in Thayer after Senior vacation—famous sayings at McLean—moving into the White Building—“Let the student do it”, at Baker—Relief, second day licorice powders, guess who?—the floods on White 12—those escapades on the fire escapes—“Are you sure you’re awake, Dr.—”—paying for mysteriously broken thermometers and syringes—hulling strawberries for the strawberry festival—the rush for the smoking room after study hour—John’s designs in soapsuds—five patients, a 40 minute clinic, a 9:30 off, and the utility room on Inspection Day—Dr. Francis Moore’s impromptu demonstrations—our first day at M.G.H.—Generalitis, which eventually lands us in the Infirmary—Dr. Ralph Adams’ lectures on T.B.—Studying by flashlight after 10:30—Dr. Kneisel and his list of preps for the night nurse—Anatomy and Physiology lessons in the O.R. by Dr. Thompson—Heyl Bros., Drs. Henry and Jim—Mr. Minnie—Mr. Connors’, “G-o-o-d M-o-r-n-i-n-g.”

WHENCE CAME THE IDEA

That all sick nurses are neurotic?

That sick doctors are easy to please?

That M.G.H. nurses give sulpho-naphthol mouth washes?

That being a student assistant is a vacation?

Halos and Horns

HALOS for:—

MR. MINNIE—because he cashes our checks.
MISS FISHER—she tries to please us all.
DRS. CRANDALL and SWEENEY—they are so good natured.
DR. HURLBURT—his sense of humor is perfect.
R. K. MOUSE—Dr. Burbank's pet patient. Did he recover?
MISS FRASER—we know her bark is worse than her bite.
MISS ROBERTS—never too busy to help us.
DR. ELLIS—must we coin a word?
DR. SWEET—he knows the score even when awakened at 3 A.M.
FLOOR NURSE (from Diet nurse)—who willingly “will feed.”
DR. SOUTTER—he's considerate—but can sputter.
DR. HAWES—we like his clinics.
MISS “CORKY”—versatile and “tops” where ever she may be.
Each and every Night Supervisor.
DR. CLAPP—for his charm and patience in explanations.
DR. JOHN WILSON—always the perfect gentleman and the best “putter-inner of I.V's that we have met up with.”
DR. GEORGE EMERSON—always a source of inspiration and confidence to beginners in the O.R.

HORNS for:—

Personality analyzers.
Seniors who adopt superior airs.
The West Service for boycotting playsuits.
House Officers who order preps at 6:55 P.M.
Non-contributors to the Year Book.
One guilty of blowing out fuses in the Walcott House.
Those who will not answer floor phones.
Those who do not close the elevator doors in Walcott House.
Those who throw instruments about the O.R.—particularly with language accompaniment.
Relief nurses who do not get p.r.n. orders in the B book before eleven o'clock.

A Nurse's Prayer

The world grows brighter year by year
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and smiles and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things:
Taking the temperatures, giving the pills,
To remedy mankind's numerous ills;
Feeding the babies, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels;
Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile;
Blessing the newborn babe's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are stilled in death;
Taking the blame for a doctor's mistakes--
Oh dear, what a lot of patience it takes;
Going off duty at seven o'clock--
Tired, discouraged and ready to drop;
But called back to special at seven-fifteen,
With woe in a heart that must not be seen.
Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over, hoping it's right.
When we lay down our caps and cross the bar
Oh, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our crowns with uniforms new
In that city above, where the head nurse is You?



MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL—1847



BULFINCH WARD—1857

M. G. H. Hit Parade

Maybe	Graduation Day
Too Late	Case Studies
Only Forever	Three years in Training
That's For Me	A band and a pin
It's Friendship	A letter to Dr. Baker
Sunrise Serenade	6:00 A.M.
Waiting For You	Senior Band
I Want the Waiter	Minnie's
Especially For You	A call on the House Phone
Strike up the Band	Senior Ball
I Can't Resist You	Seconds on Ice Cream
I'll Never Smile Again	Inspection Day
Moonlight on the Campus	McLean
It's a Lovely Day To-morrow	Night Nurses
Get the Moon Out of Your Eyes	11:40 P.M.
The Wind and the Rain in Your Hair	Public Health Nurse
This is the Beginning of the End	Senior Year

Tune: "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga"

Three years here with Miss Anna Taylor
 And you'll grow thinner and a good deal paler;
 You'll learn how to count all your clinics,
 And all your proccedures count just like clinics,
 The doctors give some, and the nurses give more
 You sit and take notes till your fingers are sore.
 Three years here of quizzes and drilling
 And you'll discover each axe and each hose;
 You'll learn how things burn, what to do, where to turn,
 And when it's over, a letter you'll write.

Tune: "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"

I'm forever giving hypos
 Giving hypos day and night;
 Call up the West
 Gone to their rest
 Just hear them say,
 Now get this right!
 "Why don't you read your orders?
 We write them now and then,
 If your patient is the least bit restless,
 Every three hours P.R.N."

Tune: "Solomon Levi"

We're from M.G.H. we are, and we work from morn till night,
 And everything we have to do, we do with all our might;
 We've got the ginger, pep, and fun, and other things combined
 And all the H O's look to us, for don't we always shine.
 Here's to our Prob days, tra-la-la-la-la-la,
 Here's to our Senior days, tra-la-la-la-la-la,
 We're from M.G.H. we are, and we work from morn till night
 And everything we have to do, we do with all our might.

Tune: "Follow The Gleam"

To the knights in the days of old
Keeping vigil on mountain height,
Came a vision of Holy Grail
And a voice through the waiting night.

And we who would serve the King,
And loyally Him obey,
In consecrate silence know
That the challenge still holds today.

Follow, follow, follow the Gleam!
Banners unfurled, o'er all the world
Follow, follow, follow the Gleam
Of the Chalice that is the Grail

Tune: "God Bless America"

Here's to our M.G.H.
School that we love
From the Bulfinch, into Baker
To the height of White up above.
Out of Charles Street, into Thayer
Out of Walcott, into where?
Always for M.G.H.
We're ever there.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Tune: "School Days"

Prob days, Prob days,
Dear old hustling Prob days,
Practical nursing, Anatomy,
Materia Medica, Chemistry;
We worked all day and half the night
To win the honor of wearing white,
And now that it's near, we've won the right
We'll soon be a Graduate Nurse.

Tune: "Woodpecker's Song"

Every morning bright and early
We struggle with our curly hair,
Shine our shoes and put our caps on.
And to the dining room repair.
Then start check, check, checking on the sheet.
Wish, wish, wishing we were off our feet.
Hope, hope, hoping we will get some sleep
sometime soon.
Inspection finds us weary,
Head nurse is not so cheery,
She starts in pick, pick,
Pick-a-pick, pick; pick-a-pick, pick;
Pick all day long.
But since we came in training
We found no use complaining,
Just let them pick, pick,
Pick-a-pick; pick-a-pick, pick
Pick all day long.

Tune: "Aloha Oe"

M.G.H. we love your winding Halls
Brick floors and Bulfinch Dome of blue
Many hours we've spent within your walls
And now it's time to think of starting life anew.
Farewell to thee, dear M.G.H.
Our training days are coming to an end,
Where e'er we go, what e'er we do
You'll always be our friend.

Tune: "My Time is Your Time"

My time is their time
Your time is their time
And no time is our time
For our time is theirs.

Tune: "Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet"

Put on your new white bonnet
With the black ribbon on it
And we'll say bye-bye to student days;
And though the years may part us
We will not forget you on
Your Graduation Day.

Tune: "A Bicycle Built for Two"

Training, Training
Started so long ago,
Drove us crazy
For the first year or so.
When we went affiliating,
We started appreciating
It's not so bad
It could be worse
In fact it was fun, you know

Tune: "Show me the Way to Go Home"

Show we the way to go to bed,
I've worked all night and I'm dead;
The count was wrong when I got on
And a hemostat was gone.
The supervisor came on the floor
Found our fudge in the drawer,
At five A.M. this prayer was said,
Show me the way to go to bed.

Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail"

We're a long, long time in training
Until our Prob days are through,
Till we wear our caps
And then our checks in place of blue;
There are three long years of working
And many hours of study, too,
But the days of student nursing end,
When Graduation's in view.

Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles"

This is Inspection Day, and once again
It's scrub, scrub, scrub,
Do and exploratory on the drain
Give the hypo set a rub;
When they phone and call it off
Don't you feel like a dub—still
I suppose there's nothing else to do
But scrub, scrub, scrub.

Tune: "Michigan"

Oh, come and sing a song for M.G.H.
And let your words be those of greatest praise
Tell of the ever famous Bulfinch Dome
Where Dr. Morton held the first ether cone,
In 1846 the O.P.D.
Was built down by the old horse chestnut tree
So let your voices raise, with highest praise
Always—for M.G.H.

Memories

We entered M.G.H. one day—
Naive as we could be,
The first day of the second month
And sipped a cup of tea.

Prob Party was the first event,
And filled us all with glee,
It ended then with one and all
Singing merrily.

Altho it rained the fateful night
June Formal did appear,
We went outside to view the lights,
And wished that it were clear.

At Christmas tide we donned our best,
Our dresses with sleeves so long,
Our bibs were chinked, our aprons white;
We sang our Christmas songs.

Easter Formal ushered in
A splash of colors gay,
We danced until the twelfth hour struck
And then were on our way.

And when the leaves came tumbling down
Informals were in swing,
They were a success, to say the least,
And loud the bells did ring.

A goblin dance was held this fall
And pumpkins decked the room,
And woe be unto any girl
Whose partner was the broom.

And once each year reunions held,
Helped us to remember
That friendships made will ever last
Like a glowing ember.

And as we “stand up,” band and pin,
With classmates singing gay,
We’ll finally leave the dining room
With memories of the day.

M. L. S.

Undergraduate Directory

CLASS OF 1942

- Ruth Bartlett, No. Brookfield, Mass.
Beatrice Bennett, Rockland, Mass.
Cleora Briggs, Newmarket, N. H.
Elna Carlson, Hyanisport, Mass.
Viola Chase, Claremont, N. H.
Eleanor Cummins, Newton Center, Mass.
Madeline Curtis, Nanticoke, Penna.
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Helen Robinson, Wendell, Mass.
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Mary Nickerson, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Margaret O'Brien, Hudson, N. Y.
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R. I.
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